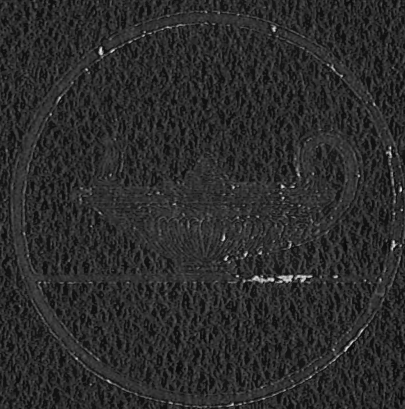
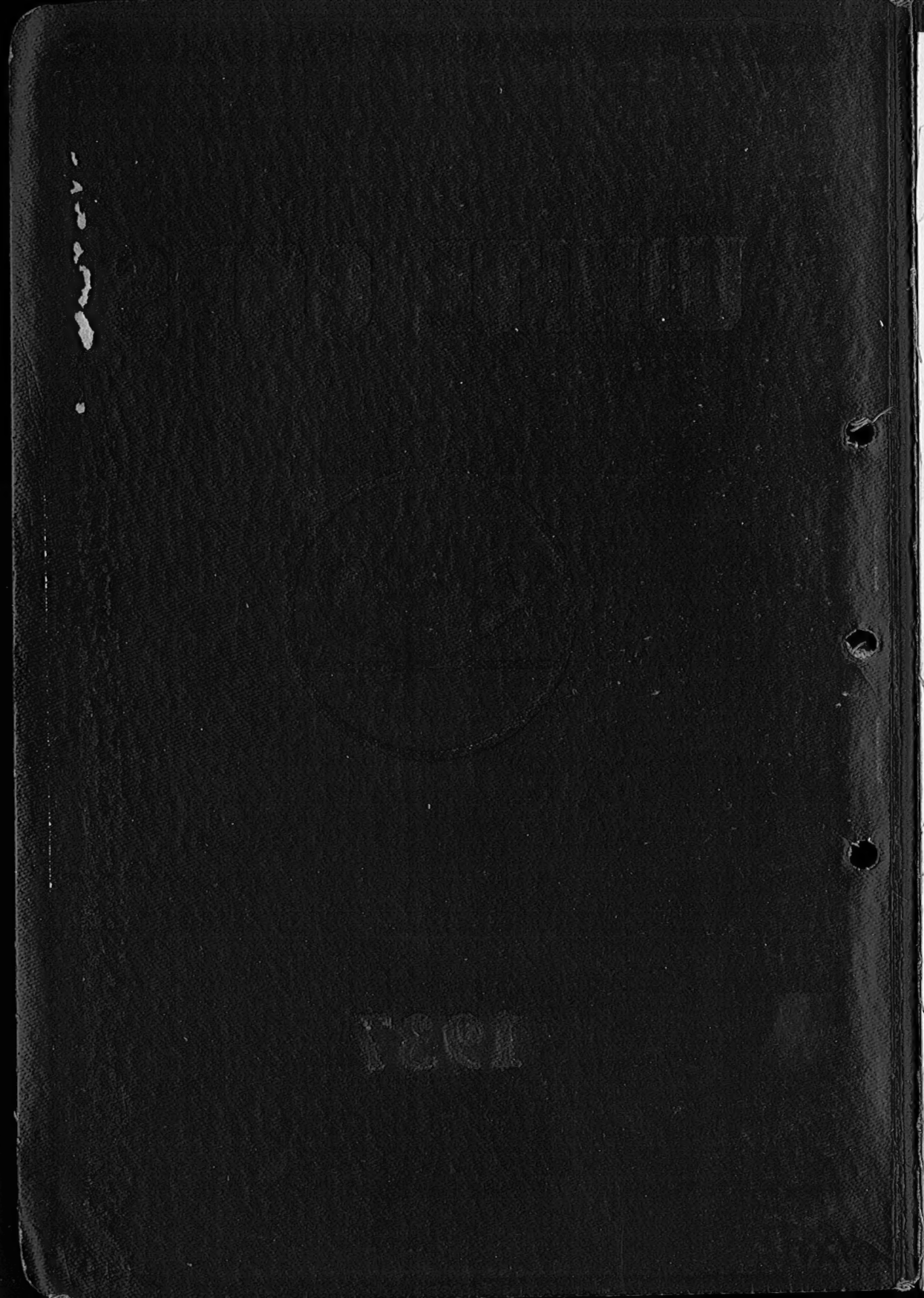


WHITE CAPS



1937



“WHITE CAPS”

YEAR BOOK

of

CLASS OF 1937

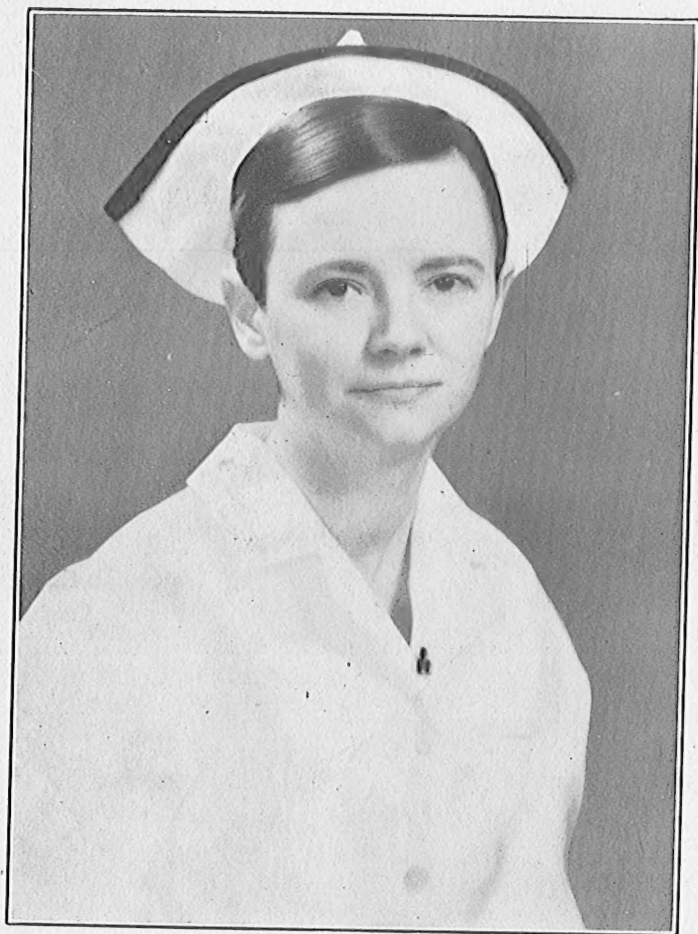
Vassar Brothers Hospital

School of Nursing

Poughkeepsie, New York



JUNE 1937



Dedication.....

to

Miss Jean Davidson

WE, the class of 1937 dedicate this year book to Miss Jean Davidson in appreciation of the diplomacy, sense of humor, sympathy and understanding which she has shown us throughout our training.

White Cap Board

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CLASS OFFICERS

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CLASS MOTTO

"It is our duty to serve — according to our powers, not according to our desires."

CLASS COLORS

Maroon and Gold

CLASS FLOWER

Boston Marguerite

CLASS ADVISOR

Laura C. Hoover

CLASS MEMBERS

Muriel E. Casey	Irene A. Maasberg
Helen L. Catlin	Myra E. Mekeel
Marjorie D. Chatterton	Kathryn M. Moore
Edythe A. Cooper	Margaret Pitcher
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Director of School of Nursing

Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital



RACHEL E. COLE

Ass't. Director of School of Nursing

Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital



EDITH L. LINDBERG

Practical Instructor

Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital



SARA L. SWEET

Director of Education

Graduate of Newton Hospital

Our Supervisors



Dorothy Brink
Emma Casson
Jean Davidson
Elizabeth Ferguson

Ruth Haubennestel
Laura Hoover
Marion Knapp
Marion Pae
Grace Sease

Carolina Smith
Marie Tschudin
Marie Tyler
Katherine Van Dyne



Dietitians

Grace C. Thompson
Frieda Reuman
Delphine Heston



MURIEL E. CASEY

"CASEY"

Staatsburg, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Well ——"
"Speak little, do much."



HELEN L. CATLIN

"HELEN"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Oh, dear."
"Be a candle if you can't be a light-
house."



MARJORIE D. CHATTERTON

"MARGE"

Catskill, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "That's no lie."
"They that do the most make the
least noise."

EDYTHER A. COOPER

"COOP"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Well,
wouldn't you?"

"If you see good in everybody, nearly
everybody will see good in you."



ANNE C. DONAHUE

"ANNE"

Beacon, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Wait'll I tell
you."

"Time and I against any two."



DOROTHY P. KERLEY

"DOTTIE"

Red Hook, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Hey, you
know what?"

"Our character is what we will for
what we will, we are!"





MILDRED C. IRVIN

"MILLIE"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Honest to
John!"

"One of our quiet dependables."



IRENE A. MAASBERG

"RENEE"

Middletown, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Listen,
Kids!"

"Merry, mirthful and mischievous."



MYRA E. MEKEEL

"MIKE"

Hopewell Junction, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "What's it to
you?"

"The world looks brighter from be-
hind a smile."

KATHERINE M. MOORE

"KAY"

Chatham, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Jeepers!"

"Be strong; we are not here to drift."



MARGARET PITCHER

"PITCH"

Sharon, Conn.

Favorite Expression: "Oh, I was furious!"

"So reserved with strangers, so jolly with friends."



ALIDA E. RUESCH

"RUESCHIE"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Pardon?"

"I chatter, chatter as I go."





HILDA L. RUSSELL

"HILDER"

Staatsburg, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Gee, I don't
know!"

"You reach the good, you strive to
win;

Because you work and work with
vim."

KATHERINE De R. SLEIGHT

"KATIE"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Oh, I don't
want to!"

"A maiden never bold; of spirit still
and quiet."

RITA T. SMALL

"RITER"

Westbury, L. I.

Favorite Expression: "Gee, I don't
care!"

"Will she? She will, if she wills it."

.... Class History

TIME MARCHES ON! And so it has for the Class of 1937 for the past three years. By determination and strong ambition, we have reached the end of this journey, having experienced pleasure as well as discouragement; and are ready to begin our life's work — yes, work so beautifully expressed in the verse by Angela Morgan:

Work
Thank God, for the might of it
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it
Work that springs from the hearts desire
Setting the brain and soul on fire
Oh what is so good as the heat of it
And what is so glad as the beat of it
And what is so kind as the stern command
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Now we must turn back to reality. It was on Sept. 4, 1934, that we (one group of Class of 1937) entered as seventeen bewildered girls standing ready to take our new title as Probationers of Vassar Hospital. We were met with the quiet friendly greeting from Miss Lindberg who showed us to our rooms in Home I, which were to be our abode for the coming year.

Monotony never reigned over our home at night, for how many times did we forget our troubles in ways that had rather tragic endings. Remember the night we tried our artistic hand in painting each other with lipstick; and after the walls and floors had become brilliantly smeared we were reprimanded by Miss McCrimmon, who organized a "scrubbing brigade." And the night when our hilarity overcame us and we crushed those wonderful dried hydrangea blooms which had adorned the reception room. Again we were routed from our beds and given brooms to complete our joke. We, like previous classes, were visited by Peeping Tom who caused great anxiety, especially among those in the basement.

Our first Christmas was enlivened by an informal party which was greatly enjoyed by all. (Rather useful gifts were exchanged, don't you think?)

Alas! The day came when it had to be decided whether we were to stay or not. One by one, we saw thirteen girls with joyful, radiant faces coming back to their rooms carefully cherishing their new possessions — caps and bibs.

Springtime, and moving time with suit cases, dresser drawers and laundry bags, we are going one step further to settle in Home 2. Soon after settling there, our merry group was separated for it was time for some of our Class to go to New York (I'm sure we all will remember those three months in Babies.)

However, the few remaining kept merriment rolling on. One bleak, wintry night, a snow man was rolled into a shapely figure, and carefully carried to the third floor of Home 2 where he reigned over the bathroom, with a lighted candle in the window. A short time later a dog chanced by, hungry and dirty from lack of a home. He was brought into our midst, and introduced to the bathtub and thoroughly cleansed with Lux Toilet Soap, while one member gave a lengthy talk on "Kindness to Animals."

Have you forgotten the night a mere water fight ended in a sudden downpour from third to second floor in Home 2 and dampened our mirth especially after Miss Lindberg kindly asked us to mop the floor, saying "Now girls, you know you wouldn't do that in your own home." We wonder how many retired into damp beds and with damp pajamas that night.

Dan Cupid ushered in Valentine's Day with our first social affair—a Frolic with Dr. Miller as our worthy Master of Ceremonies. It was a night of informal amateur entertainment enjoyed by all.

Day by day, time goes on and we have now reached the third milestone in our training, we are the possessors of the blue band which gives us the worthy distinction of Seniors. We must not forget our sojourn in Tower Home which we have been looking forward to since the day it was opened when we were probationers.

The calendar of successful social affairs was headed by our semi-formal dance given at the Country Club with Wayne-Dunbar and his orchestra playing. All were disappointed when the hour of parting arrived.

Dancing again—and this time it is our formal Senior Prom held at the Tennis Club with the romantic strains of Wayne Dunbar's orchestra thrilling the hearts of all in one of the most enjoyable evenings we have ever spent.

In passing, we must mention our appreciation to all of those who have helped us in our efforts to earn money.

Time has passed and our class will soon pass into the ranks of the forgotten; but in wishing you all au revoir, we extend our sincere thanks to the members of the training school, supervisors, Mrs. Hoover our class advisor, dietitians, and students who have helped us in our activities.

CLASS OF 1937.

.... In Memorium



Frieda Amelia Krieger

CLASS 1935

*None knew her but to love her.
None named her but to praise.*

Prophecy of Class 1937

(Telephone Call Between D. Kerley and R. Small — 1944)

Operator — "Vassar Hospital."

Miss Kerley — "Directress of Nurses, please."

Operator — "One moment, please 'til I locate her — go ahead please."

Miss Small — "Miss Small speaking."

Miss Kerley — "Miss Small?"

Miss Small — "Yes — what is it, please?"

Miss Kerley — "Well, this is Miss Kerley."

Miss Small — "Oh, Dot — Why, how are you?"

Miss Kerley — "I'm fine, thank you."

Miss Small — "Are you in town?"

Miss Kerley — "No — I'm calling from New York — I just returned from our Annual World Cruise."

Miss Small — "Oh, have you really — well — what are you doing now?"

Miss Kerley — "Haven't you heard? I'm Ship Nurse with the Grace Line."

Miss Small — "Well, now, that's news. How do you like it? I'll bet it's fun!"

Miss Kerley — "Fun, and very exciting — but I'm here for a month or so and would like to see some of the girls — where are they all?"

Miss Small — "Well, Millie Irvin left last week with her husband for China where they're to do missionary work — and both Casey and Moore are inspectors of Immigrants at Ellis Isle — maybe you'd be able to find them while you're in New York."

Miss Kerley — "That's fine — I'm so glad."

Miss Small — "Yes, they're doing very well — and did you know that Marge Chatterton has recently been appointed Dermatologist of a new Sanatorium in Catskill?"

Miss Kerley — "No, I didn't — she always did speak of wanting to do that kind of work — tell me more —"

Miss Small — "Helen Catlin has forsaken us and has become an expert authority on Facial Creams and how to use them."

Miss Kerley — "I thought Helen would be the one girl in our Class who'd stick to nursing — how's she getting along?"

Miss Small — "Oh, she's doing very well!"

Miss Kerley — "How about Cooper? Did she marry as she had planned while she was in training?"

Miss Small — "Oh, my yes! — she's having family and farm problems now. And Hilda Russell married too! She and her husband have opened a bakery shop here in town."

Miss Kerley — "What do they call it — Biff's Bakery?"

Miss Small — "Yes, I guess that's the name of it — Say — remember Pitcher?"

Miss Kerley — "How could I forget her?"

Miss Small — "She's Secretary to the Manager of Emmadine Farms and she likes it a lot —"

Miss Kerley — "What surprises! What ever happened to Rueschie?"

Miss Small — "She's just published her latest book on 'Weight, and how to Gain it!' Oh, Dot — what do you suppose?"

Miss Kerley — "What?"

Miss Small — "Ann Donahue just the other day accepted a position as Dr. Stibbs' office nurse."

Miss Kerley — "Oh, how can she ever get along with him."

Miss Small — "I really don't know — I admire her courage."

Miss Kerley — "So do I — that reminds me — Has Mekeel taken Miss Lindberg's place?"

Miss Small — "She certainly has — she has her hands full trying to teach our Probationers the 'art of being a Nurse.' Both Myra and I were planning to go to hear Maasberg's final lecture this evening on 'Marriage and its fundamental purposes.'"

Miss Kerley — "Maasberg — of all people? Well, Rita, my time is nearly up —"

Miss Small — "Yes, it's just about time for me to make my rounds."

Miss Kerley — "Wasn't there someone else?"

Miss Small — "Oh, yes — Katie Sleight!"

Miss Kerley — "She married and left Poughkeepsie, didn't she?"

Miss Small — "Well, yes she did, but she's back here and has been Luckey Platt's official model for the past two years —"

Miss Kerley — "Modelling — I'd least suspect that of her."

Miss Small — "Oh, I'm awfully sorry Dot, but they're ringing for me."

Miss Kerley — "Oh, I suppose you have to go and check up on the girls —"

Miss Small — "Yes, being director certainly keeps me stepping."

Miss Kerley — "Thank you for letting me take up so much of your time. I've certainly enjoyed hearing about everyone."

Miss Small — "I was awfully glad to hear from you and do try to stop in to see us — we have made many improvements since we were in training."

Miss Kerley — "I'll do my best — Goodbye."

Miss Small — "Goodbye."



.... Class of 1938

"Forward always," but having passed the halfway mark we look back with fond remembrance and forward with bright hope.

We rapidly fell into Hospital routine and impatiently awaited the time when we were to receive our Caps. Having passed that great landmark, we look forward to that occasion when we will wear "Blue Bands."

During the summer, we turned to lighter pleasures. After vacations were over, plans were organized for the "Class of 1938." The occasion for our first Class activity was a Bingo Party on Nov. 5 in Home I. We anxiously waited for March 31 to roll around. We held our first Semi-Formal Dance at that time.

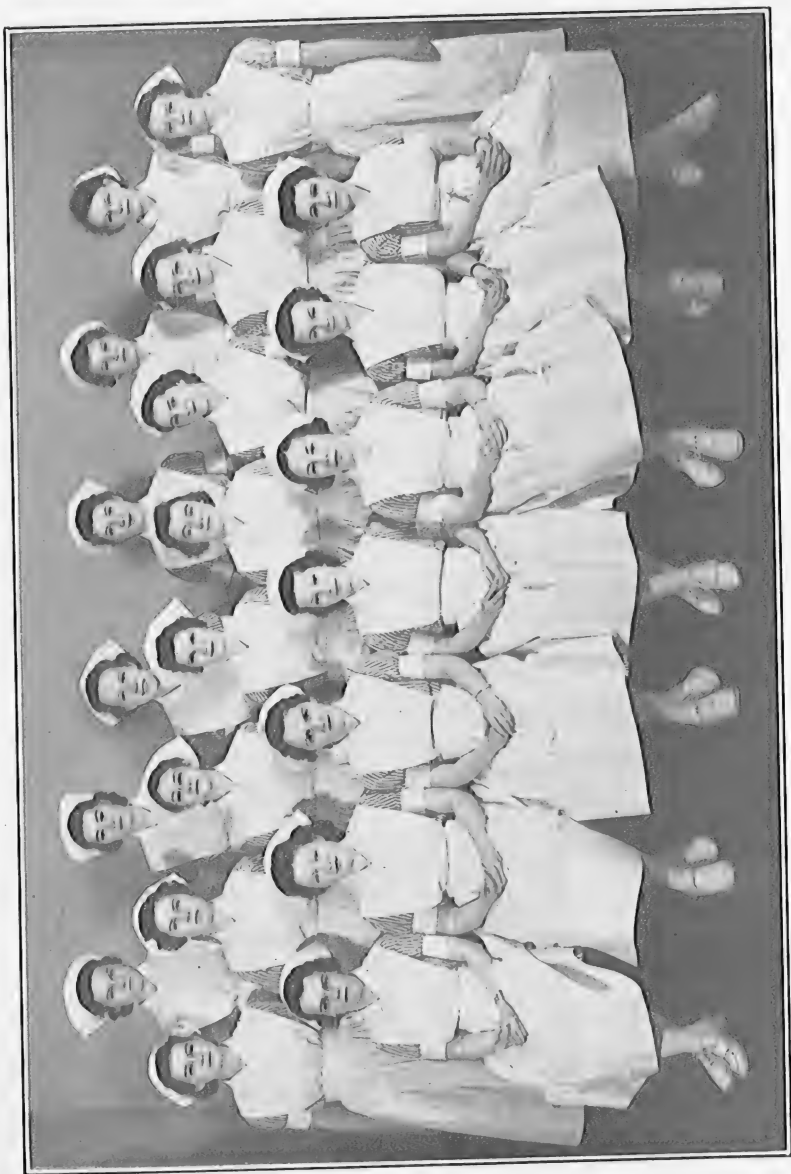
We are gradually completing a well-rounded program of classes which run parallel with our specialized training. Our group has been parted for some left us to go to Babies Hospital in New York, others to go to the Nursery School at Vassar College.

We are proud to have a page in "White Caps" and may we thank the seniors who have set so worthy an example for us.

May we also extend our appreciation to Miss Tyler, our Class Advisor, for her cooperation and interest in our Class.

Gratefully yours,

THE CLASS OF 1938.



.... Class of 1939

Feb. 4, 1936

Sept. 8, 1936

Together the two sections of our class comprise a group of 21 students, eight belonging to the First Group and the remaining 13 to the Second.

We of the First section have been here for 14 months, and much of interest has happened to us since we first arrived with faint hearts and high hopes. Since that time we have received our Caps and have had much rich experience. Some of us have seen Diet Kitchen service, have had profitable experience in the Accident Room and Dispensary, have seen Nursery duty, and all of us have had that novel experience — our first Night Duty — wherein we learned that the Night Nurse has “no bed of roses” as we had hitherto believed.

The Second section of our Class received Caps in January and much to our surprise found there had been advantages in being a “Probie.” Previously we had chosen to believe the reverse. However, being a Capped nurse gives one a certain amount of prestige although much to our chagrin, we found that the art of wearing caps has to be acquired — one is not born with it; and indeed, many were the trials and tribulations of our group while we were learning this art.

Next fall we will organize — until then Adieu — we find we have not made much history after all.

CLASS OF 1939



.... Class of 1940

To the "White Caps":

Our pleasure in being permitted to contribute to your yearbook is clouded by the realization that our history is really only the old, old story. To us, however, it is different—it is our own. We hope that it will help you recall glimpses of your own capless days.

February 8th, 1937, was our red-letter day. It meant a new home, a different circle of friends, challenge, and opportunity.

Naturally, the upperclassmen were curious to see the new probies. Carrying our tray to our table at the first meal was like a Charge of the Probie Brigade—caps to the left of us, caps to the right of us, looked on and wondered. When we first entered the demonstration room we were startled to see an occupied bed. Judy, as unperturbed as could be, waited to be introduced. We met the various staff members during the frequent tours which Miss Lindberg thoughtfully planned for us.

Most of us were at a movie when some of the capped nurses paid their first call. Undaunted, they left their visiting cards the next time—mattresses against the wall, dresser drawers upside down, and a cold shower for good measure. More fun!

We shall not soon forget the day when Miss Lindberg sent some of us to the lecture room for Miss Sweet's bones. When they arrived we all arose in due respect. The climax of the dusting process that followed came when two of us gave the teeth a thorough scrubbing with brush and paste.

Speaking of mystery, the door bell in Home 1 has never sounded so much like a fire alarm as it did one day when a number of curious ones opened a certain basement door. Others with an urge to explore beyond a closed door found themselves barging in on an autopsy.

There have been blue days and bright days, but somehow we feel that the staff has faith in us and we want desperately to prove ourselves worthy of it. Mere probationers—but we have dreams of a cap, a stripe, and far, far ahead the R. N. that will signify our ability to be of service in the field of our choice.

We do not wish to be trite or formal, but we do appreciate the patient guidance and inspiration that you, the "white caps" have been extending to us and we welcome this opportunity to express our sincere gratitude.

THE FIRST PROBIES OF THE CLASS OF '40.

Last Will and Testament

CLASS OF 1937

We, the unobsequious and unique Class of Nineteen Thirty-Seven of Vassar Brothers Hospital, in order to form a more perfect unity, to establish a worthier custom and to insure a fraternal tranquility do ordain and establish this our last Will and Testament —

To the Class of '38 we bequeath our ability to give entertainments which are successful both socially and financially, and our unused late leaves and overnights.

To all underclassmen we bequeath our cooperative ability and friendliness — also our technique of starching and folding Caps and our professional etiquette and ability to use it.

I, Katherine Sleight, leave my calm voice and manner to Elsie Tschudin.

I, Kathryn Moore, leave my personal neatness to Jessie Aird.

I, Irene Maasberg, leave Marjorie Leggett my extrovert personality.

I, Anne Donahue, leave my carefree manner to Doris Davis.

I, Edythe Cooper, leave my ability to manage ward 5 successfully to Rose Bingham.

I, Marjorie Chatterton, leave Thelma Townsend my ability to look well without lipstick.

I, Hilda Russell, leave my unassuming manner to Louise Beck.

I, Alida Ruesch, leave Amy Doherty my ability to keep thin.

I, Dorothy Kerley, leave my stature to Betty Nickse.

I, Muriel Casey, leave my temper to Esther Staples.

I, Helen Catlin, leave my jar of facial cream to Mildred Onderdonk.

I, Mildred Irvin, leave Louise Jay my ability to cry easily.

I, Myra Mekeel, leave my good nature to Dorothy Reynolds.

I, Margaret Pitcher, leave my executive ability to the future charge nurses.

I, Rita Small, leave my medical knowledge to the probationers.

To Doris Dator, we leave a book on "How to Bluff and Get Away With It."

To Florence Liebig, we bequeath a pair of handcuffs and muzzle.

To Anne Hansen, we bequeath the key to the County Jail.

To Hortense Marchessault, we bequeath an alarm clock so she will get on duty on time.

To Beatrice Liner we leave a figure to enable her to wear those size 14's with more ease and comfort.

To Marion Sibley we leave a clock with two hands.

To Dr. Blodgett, a billiard partner for those early morning games.

To Margaret Kukoda — sunshine for those brisk morning walks.

To Edna Harrington, a book of correct English and a pack of everlasting cigarettes.

To Antoinette Palmietto, a man of her own so she won't have to rob the sick.

To Mrs. Hoover, a Class of more observant nurses.

To Miss Brink — more excitement in the Accident Room.

To Dr. Kerrigan, a mirror, to see himself as others see him.

To Miss McCrimmon, bigger and better Classes.

To Ruth Griffiths, a box of Pep Pills.

To some hardy and deserving students — the shower on 2nd floor of Tower Home which runs only cold water.

To all Internes — a little more sleep at night.

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hand and affix our seal and in the presence of three witnesses, declare this to be our last Will and Testament this the third day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven.

Rachel Mc Crimmon,
Rachel Cole,
Edith Lindberg.

Reminecences of Class of 1937

DO YOU REMEMBER?

The day Rueschie lost her cap down the dumbwaiter.
The night Moore wouldn't go to bed without Margy.
The day Pitcher slept in the hall on Mekeel's coat.
Small ground a sirloin steak for hamburger in the D. K.
Mekeel made a mustard plaster with Malted Milk.
Catlin poured an ounce of Mild Menthol to give a cathartic.
Sleight and Kerley were told to go out on the roof and "blow
off" their contaminated aprons.
Irvin and Chatterton measured out 75 quarts of water to make
a 2% Lysol solution.
Russell had to clean a bedside stand with an orange wood stick.
Maasberg put newspapers on a freshly varnished floor on
Ward 1.

LOVE'S MINISTRY

Thou Great Physician, Strong to save,
Who walked upon the boist'rous wave;
And calm amidst the mighty storm
Dirst keep Thy children from all harm.
We pray to Thee, O God of light,
Keep us in Peace throughout this night.

Thy feet have walked life's weary way,
Thy hand has smoothed its cares away,
Thy voice has calmed the troubled heart,
Thy healing power did life impart.
We pray to Thee, O God of love
Bequeath Thy Spirit from above.

Bless these Thy children, Lord of Love
With Thine own Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
Give gentle heart and loving mind,
Give tender touch, Thy purpose bind.
And thus will ever come through them
Thy healing grace to needy men.

Thy ministry of love and power,
Thy soothing calm for life's sad hour,
Has come to us, O give us grace
To take it up and give it place.
And so to us will come the joy
Of service sweet without alloy.

Dedicated to the Vassar Nurses,
May 23, 1937.
FRED W. STACEY.



MEKEL



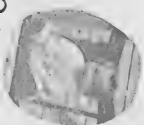
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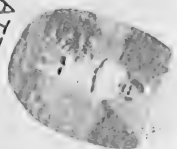
RUESCH



RUSSELL



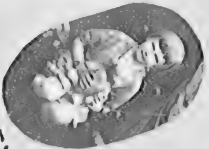
CASEY



CHATTERTON



SLEIGHT



KERLEY



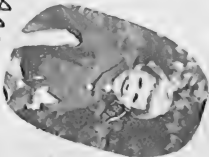
DONAHUE



SMALL



PITCHER



MAASBERG

As We Were

BABIES' HOSPITAL

Out of our hard old beds we creep
After a few hours of restless sleep,
Into our well-worn clothes we get —
There might be time for breakfast yet.
Day in, day out, the same old thing —
Eggs and rolls you can't dent in.
Reading, prayer and singing a song —
Then that tunnel a whole mile long.
From the elevators on to the floors
We plow our way through daily chores;
We try to do our work real well
In spite of which we still get ———
But I've written as badly of Home, Sweet Home,
I'm a nurse and I sputter wherever I roam.

MAXWELL HALL

But let's look in at the other side —
The advantages cannot be denied,
They're many and elaborated
And some aren't appreciated.
First there is the swimming pool
Which we don't have in our own school.
Then there's the gym if you care to play
But we usually feel the other way.
The radio and dancing floor
Of course we've had to use before.
For a sunbath to the roof you go,
(We would come down in the months of snow!)
The beautiful views our souls revive,
The bridge o'er the Hudson and Riverside Drive.
The fiction library which we find
In date is just as far behind.
The books are stale, variety less
Than those we have in V. B. H.
Of late leaves we have all we need
At least enough to match our speed.
The fresh air enters all the cracks
And cools off both our spirits and backs.
It's full of dust and little strep — bugs
Which settle in our throats and rugs.
What makes us happiest of all
Is when mail comes to Maxwell Hall.
From this list I hope you see
Of V. B. H. I vote for thee.
As I said before and I ought to know
I'm a nurse and I sputter wherever I go!

We Wonder ...IF...

Miss Reuman enjoyed "Live Alone and Like It."
Miss Knapp has ever made a noise.
Miss Tschudin talks in her sleep.
Miss Sease ever forgot to write on a Clinic Card.
Miss Ferguson will find a prevention for "impy".
Miss Cole ever relaxes.
Dr. Kerrigan still has a chronic cold.
Dr. Rust still makes the week-end trips to Vermont.
Dr. Lockwood could make use of another pair of hands.
The oil on Dr. Blodgett's lip has anything to do with the disappearance of his mustache.
Miss Pae will ever lose her good disposition.
Miss Van Dyne's vocal chords will ever wear out.
Miss Tyler will ever find a new way of saying "Third Corridor, Miss Tyler."
Mr. Smith will ever find a nurse in the laundry.
Frank will ever do something without arguing.
Stella will ever stop asking questions?
Mike has ever missed his noonday nap.
Miss Lawrence will ever increase her early morning eent treatments.
Charley and Gene flip a coin to see who should wake up the night nurses.
Miss Sweet enjoys review Classes with Seniors.
Miss McCrimmon ever tires of responsibilities as our director.
Miss Smith will ever part with the "Green Wheel."
Dr. Stibbs will ever find a parking space at V. B. H.
Miss Heston has cut down on the hospital budget.
Mrs. Hoover will ever lose her eyelashes.
Mrs. Haubennestle could wear a pair of oxfords.
Jakie ever found any new jokes.
Miss Thompson ever misses a week-end at the "Garden House."
Mr. Weber ever forgot to turn off a light.
Dr. Neighbors is capable of holding a child for treatments.
Dr. Smith could make shorter rounds.
Dr. Meyer will ever be able to use a pair of 6½ gloves.
Dr. Malven knows only one song.
Dr. Rogers will ever go lower in Miss Ferguson's estimation.
The T. S. O. ever found the missing key to Tower Home.

VASSAR BROTHERS HOSPITAL ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Laura C. Hoover, *President.*

Marie Tyler, *Vice President.*

Ruth B. Sheldon, *2nd Vice President.*

Alice Van Dyne, *Secretary.*

Erma Jennings, *Treasurer.*

June 3rd, 1937.

Dear Class of 1937:

On behalf of the members of Vassar Brothers Hospital Alumnae Association, I extend to you our heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

There is not one among us who has not experienced the feeling of sadness that comes with graduation day and the realization that we are leaving our classmates and the hospital which has been our home for three years.

It is our aim to help you continue the friendships formed during these years. The Association stands for a unity of purpose, better nursing care, the advancement of standards and for promotion of good fellowship among the graduates of the School. Through legislation and co-operation with other nursing organizations it gives you, as professional people, protection against abuses, broadens your vision and increases valuable professional contacts.

In extending to you an invitation to become members of our Association we are not thinking solely of the benefits that you may derive from our organization, but also of the professional support that you may give us. We want you to feel that this is your Association, believe in it, work for it and share its privileges with those of us who are extending you this invitation.

Sincerely yours,

LAURA C. HOOVER, R. N.,
President.

.... Class Songs

Tune — "*Easter Parade*"

When we entered Vassar
Three years ago September
We hoped that we would enter
In the White Cap parade.
Some days were long and weary
And some were short and cheery
But we worked hard to enter
In the White Cap Parade.
With our Caps at last
How the Months did pass
And now we see how heavenly
It feels to be up on the list at last
Our student days are over
And now we're all in clover
As proudly we go marching
In the White Cap Parade.

WE ARE THE CLASS OF '37

Tune — "*Organ Grinder Swing*"

We are the Class of '37
Since here we've been in Seventh Heaven
Preparing now to leave you see
Hoping that we'll happy be
Boo Hoo! — Boo Hoo!
Altho' the time it did seem long
We're celebrating now in song
With memories and some regrets
And pleasant hours we can't forget.
Boo Hoo! — Boo Hoo!
With 'cap and bib upon the shelf
We'll now have time to be ourselves
A trip or two I know we'll take
The Hospital atmosphere to shake
Boo Hoo! — Boo Hoo!
Down the river or up the street
Many friends I know we'll meet
Parties that are bound to come
I know will keep us on the run.
Boo Hoo! — Boo Hoo!
A month or two is all we ask,
Then will settle to our task
With cap and apron on once more
To bring relief to sick and sore
Boo Hoo! — Boo Hoo!

Songs of Vassar Brothers Hospital

- "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."—Casey.
"Trouble in Paradise."—Kerley.
"I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm."—Pitcher.
"Drifting and Dreaming."—Sleight.
"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."—Green Room.
"Serenade in the Night."—Labor Room.
"Just a Little Home for the Old Folks."—Ward 2.
"You Are So Easy to Love."—Dr. Lockwood.
"Double Trouble."—Dr. Stibbs.
"You Showed Me the Way."—Miss McCrimmon.
"Horses, Horses."—Miss Lindberg.
"Oh, Promise Me."—Irvin.
"When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain."—Chatterton.
"Sophisticated Lady."—Harrington.
"Let Yourself Go."—Miss Cole.
"When My Dream Boat Comes Home."—Ruesch.
"Wake Up and Live."—Griffiths.
"While I'm Waiting for You."—Maasberg.
"Down On the Farm."—Cooper.
"Boo Hoo."—Marchessault.
"Time On My Hands."—Catlin.
"You Can't Take That Away from Me."—Beck.
"Let Me Call You Sweetheart."—Russell.
"This is My Last Affair."—Donahue.
"Love and Learn."—Dr. Blodgett.
"Little White Lies."—Moore.
"Dedicated to You."—Miss Davidson.
"Baby Face."—Kukoda.
"I've Got Beginners Love."—Dr. Rust.
"I Only Have Eyes for You."—Mekel.
"Gee, But You're Swell."—Mrs. Brady.
"I Wish That I Were Twins."—Miss Sease.
"Manhattan Madness."—Baby's Hospital.
"There's a Lull in My Life."—Leggett.
"May I Have the Next Romance With You."—Doherty.
"I've Got a Pain in My Sawdust."—Ward 1.
"Let's Call It a Day."—O. R.
"Three Men On a Horse."—Mr. Bacon, Young, Hunt.
"Let's Call the Whole Thing Off."—Demonstration Room.
"Trust in Me."—Small.
Lohengrin's Wedding March.—Dr. Kerrigan.

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